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NEW STARS IN THE FLAG.

There are people living who saw the Old Flag wave over thirteen States. Thirteen stars shone from the folds that flew as bravely for Freedom then as since. There will be forty-two stars on the flag now.

No patriotic sentiment has been more poetical in any land or time than that inspired by the glorious bunting which "Freedom from her mountain height" unfurled, when she:

Tore the azure robe of night
 And set the stars of glory there!

"The flag will remain 'the old flag' that is dear to every freeman's heart, however many new glories be added. On such questions there should be no sectional feeling. The political selfishness of the Democrats in Congress has never been more strikingly demonstrated than by their action in voting in the Dakotas and Washington, which as territories have been Republican.

But whatever their political complexion, the future of the new States and of the great and growing Union is sure to be glorious.

BELLES-LETTRES AT BORDENTOWN.

The famous old city of Bordentown, that used to be the great stopping place on the stage route from New York to Philadelphia in the days of Joseph Bonaparte, has a sensation. What is more, it is a literary sensation. Critics who clamor that the newspapers do not print enough literary matter will have for a time to eat their words.

It seems as if the poet must have had Prof. W. C. Bowen's Bordentown College in mind when he wrote:

A little learning is a dangerous thing;
 The Senior Class of rosy-cheeked and bright-eyed undergraduates had learned a little about English literature in the sixteenth century. They wanted to know more, or thought they did. The Professor told them more, and then came the deluge.

It was a deluge of tears and indignation. They learned what they may shocked them dreadfully. The Professor was not content with confining his remarks to the sixteenth century. He added too much "contemporary human interest."

It is not well to know too much.

THE DOG SHOW.

It is a pleasure to see the clean-limbed, bright-eyed and sleek-coated animals on show at Madison Square Garden. They sleep regularly, eat regularly and rest whenever they feel so inclined.

Quite a contrast they present to the emaciated, hungry, thirsty, tired, sleepy, spiritless, bedraggled creatures who have in the near past competed for prizes on the same tankard.

As compared with walking matches and bicycle races, dog shows have much in their favor. They do not involve suffering.

There is enough necessary pain in the world.

It would have been a most uncalculated reflection on the cooking for the life-insurance

agents of New York to have insured each others' lives before sitting down to their annual dinner last evening. But the temptation to insure must have been overpowering in such an assemblage, and the life of the waiter who pours soup down your neck at a public dinner would have been the most appropriate risk.

Recent legal proceedings seem to indicate that the weather has been too mild and the pawbroker too staid to admit the continuous wearing of fur coats in some of our very best families this winter.

It has been said that when the sky falls, larks may be caught. It is to be hoped that rogues will be trapped before the Assembly ceiling falls.

WHAT FUR?

"I want a fur coat."
 Said the Prince to the Clerk:
 "I'm a noble of note
 And I don't have to work!
 I want a fur coat and
 I don't want to pay
 Till my funds come from Ceylon,
 Hong Kong and Cathay!"
 "Come, out with the skin!"
 "But what fur," said the Clerk:
 "Not fur cash," with a grin
 Said this Prince who won't work.
 For this fur coat a blue coat
 Pulled him in; with a whine—
 As he felt he was collared—
 "What fur?" said the Prince!

THIS AND THAT.

The traffic gathered by suspicious husband Trowbridge at New Haven from a tapped telephone wire has proved sufficient to bring out a successful divorce suit. The co-respondent was Clerk Jonathan Ingersoll, of the Superior Court, who has fled.

Awakened and frightened by a dream of kidnapping, young Herman Stout, in West New York, tried in vain to arouse the seven other members of the family. Then he called a doctor, who found that twenty minutes more of coal gas would have been fatal for all.

Mr. Starr, a Bathurst agent, is reported a week overdue from a desert full of faunatics, and his friends at Algiers are worried. This will increase the lustre with which the Starr and the fanatics will shine on the season's show bills.

Worried by the loss of \$1,500, at the county seat of Wyoming, Mrs. Kate Maxwell, better known as "Cattle Kate," rode her horse into a dive where some of her cowboys were being played for a crooked game. She "held up" the gamblers, took her \$1,500 out of their pile and divided the rest among her boys.

Christian Scientist Hardy only stopped administering faith to Mrs. Willie Chamberlain, at Buffalo, when it was too late for medicine to begin on her pneumonia. He will be held for indictment.

Philadelphia women's sensibilities are deeply shocked over the approaching hanging of Mrs. Sarah Whittington. To impartial outsiders, there is something a trifle shocking in the fact that the convicted woman murdered her husband and two children to get their insurance money.

While driving his runaway chickens out of John Schilling's yard at Mohonville, Pa., Harry Devine caught young Mrs. Schilling's too susceptible heart. The pair have eloped and the chickens now run at will.

Women have got 65 per cent. of the 329,000 divorces granted in the United States in the past twenty years, the chief complaint being desertion. In Rhode Island there has been one divorce to each eleven marriages.

WORDLINGS.

George B. Roberts, who is at the head of the great Pennsylvania Railroad, is a small man with a wonderful head for facts and figures. He is of Scotch descent and about fifty years old, although he looks somewhat younger.

A rare collection of diamonds is owned by Mrs. Annot, wife of the ex-Congressman from Elmira. One beautiful stone in the collection cost \$11,000. She has a ring containing a hundred stones and a star containing fifty.

The recipe for making the original can de Cologne was discovered 200 years ago, and since that time it has been intrusted to only ten persons. The written copy of the recipe is kept in a crystal goblet, under triple locks, in a room in which the essential oils are mixed.

A well-informed merchant, recently returned from Brazil, predicts that the nation will become a republic on the death of the Emperor. While Don Pedro lives the monarchy is likely to survive, but his daughter, the Princess Iobelia, will never be allowed to ascend the throne. She is an extreme monarchist, and not in sympathy with the liberal ideas of her father.

BARNUM ON 'CHANGE.

He Tries to Make a Speech to the Boys at the Consolidated.

P. T. Barnum, the veteran showman, made a visit to the Consolidated Exchange, to-day, to see a grandson who has joined that Board.

As soon as he made his appearance, the old gentleman was seized by the boys in the room, who insisted upon having a speech. Good natured interruptions, however, soon put an end to the attempt, and later on he held an impromptu reception.

No Good Reason for Opposition.

The New York Evening World is making a good fight to secure an amendment to section 291 of the Penal Code, giving to the Supreme Court judges power to review the commitments of children to reformatories by police magistrates. Under the law as it now exists, a grave nature are perpetrated. Under the law today the agents of the reformatories can procure the commitment of children without the consent of their parents, and there is no appeal. The proposed amendment would prevent such abuses.

Of course THE EVENING WORLD's efforts are met with the fierce opposition of all the reformatories; but precisely why they should be opposed to a measure so just it is difficult to see.

George Washington steps to the "phone-tonary" and leaves some things that surprise him from the political leaders of to-day. Read the Washington Birthday Issue of THE EVENING WORLD TO-MORROW.

In Early Spring

"For many years I have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla, especially in the early spring, when I am troubled with reformatory, dullness, unpleasant taste in my mouth in the morning. It removes this bad taste, relieves my head-ache and makes me feel greatly refreshed. The two bottles I have used this spring have been worth many dollars to me. I feel that all my friends should take it."—J. H. BROWN, 603 4th St., New York City.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold by all druggists. It is prepared by J. C. HODG & CO., Lowell, Mass.

THROUGH JOKERS' EYES.

THE WAYS OF THE WORLD OBSERVED FROM A PLEASANT STANDPOINT.

Love's Long Embrace.



She—Goodness me, Fred, how in the world am I to get back to the house? It didn't look at all like snow when we came out.

A Great Relief to Him.
 (From the *Philadelphia Herald*.)
 Beggar (reading the news from France)—How rich escape protracted and painful trials by going to Canada.

For Man and Beast.
 (From *Fun*.)
 Weary Reveller—Bless me, policeman, this seat is very dampish!

All in a Nutsell.
 (From the *Philadelphia Times*.)
 The English are kicking themselves for their action in Samoa. They kept quiet and let Uncle Sam do all the bluffing, and when he bluffed to win England came in a poor third.

How They Escape Trials.
 (From the *Philadelphia Times*.)
 "The poor know nothing of the trials of the rich." Perhaps not. But if the poor read the newspapers they know that a great many of the rich escape protracted and painful trials by going to Canada.

Suitable Books.
 (From the *Philadelphia Times*.)
 A society has been formed in England to provide suitable reading matter for servants. Bacon's essays and Lamb's works should not be neglected in selecting a library for any well-read cook.

No Sugar Needed.
 (From the *New Orleans Picayune*.)
 The fashionable rainbow tea—fashionable in New York church-circles—does not need much sugar. It is run by sweet young girls and the proceeds go to the church fund.

Almost a Hint.
 (From *Fun*.)
 Boarder Jones—Mrs. Flapjack, can't you put a stop to your two daughters playing four-handed at the piano?
 Mrs. Flapjack—Why don't you marry one of them? That would put a stop to it right off.

Speeches to Be Lived Down.
 (From *Fun*.)
 The Miss Browns—Oh, glad to see you, Mary! But we've such a dreadful cold, we can't kiss you, dear. We can only shake hands.
 Fair Visitor—Oh, dear, how sad! I hope you haven't got a cold, Mr. Brown!

A Kentuckian's Toilet Articles.
 (From the *Philadelphia Times*.)
 Mrs. Kentuck to husband (packing a trunk)—Did you put in any toilet articles, Henry?
 Mr. K.—Oh, yes, I wouldn't forget them.
 Mrs. K.—What have you got?
 Mr. K.—Two bottles of whiskey and a cork-screw. I reckon that's plenty, ain't it?

A New Definition of Man.
 (From the *Philadelphia Times*.)
 Teacher—What does Condillac say about brutes in the scale of being?
 Seminary Girl—He says a brute is an imperfect man.

A General Exodus.
 (From the *Chicago Tribune*.)
 "What has become of all the people?" inquired a stranger of a lonesome-looking individual in the streets of Philadelphia. "You are the first person I have seen since I came to town four hours ago."

Doing the Profession a Service.
 (From the *Chicago Tribune*.)
 Well-informed Burglar (reading a newspaper)—Bill, here's a piece of news. Some smart cuss has got up another scheme for heading us off. He has invented an arrangement for taking an instantaneous photograph of a fellow by electric light as soon as he goes to work on a safe.

A One-Sided Education.
 (From the *Chicago Tribune*.)
 Miss Pallas Enders Von Hurky.
 She didn't know chicken from turkey.
 High Spanish and Greek.
 She could fluently speak.
 But her knowledge of poultry was murky.
 She could tell the great-uncle of Moses.
 The reason of things.
 Why the Indians were rings.
 On their red abdominal robes.
 The meaning of Emerson's "Brakma."
 Why Shakespeare was wrong in his grammar.
 And she went chirping rooks.
 With a little black box.
 And a small geological hammer.
 She had views upon co-education.
 And the principal needs of the nation.
 Her glances were true.
 And the number she knew.
 Of the stars in each high constellation.
 She wrote in a handwriting jerky.
 She talked with an emphasis jerky.
 High Spanish and Greek.
 She could fluently speak.
 But she didn't know chicken from turkey.

Under Love's Spell.
 (From *Fun*.)
 The following dream I had a short time ago. I saw a large square surrounded by houses, in the centre of which was a scaffold. On it was a priest, a headman, myself and three ladies. One of the ladies separated herself from her companions and knelt down with her head upon the block. The headman, who was one of the ladies' lovers, stepped forward. The second lady was likewise beheaded, but on the third one presenting herself, I thought my head would burst. I then set my teeth, clutched the rails and tried to close my eyes, but could not. The lady, after divesting herself of her bonnet, laid her head down on the block. She saw, however, her two companions' heads in the basket, and motioned to the headman as if to say: "If my head drops there, it will roll off the scaffold." The headman arranged the two heads so that her head might fall down and awake, rather than in perspiration, and could scarcely resist a hideous nightmare.

Stricken Youth (at his door)—Say, Billy, is she one or two's in love?

The price of MONTAGUE'S TERTIUM CORPUS places it within the reach of all who have infinite. 20c.

SOON IN THE EYES.

People Who Behold Wonderful Sight in Dreamland.

Another Session of the Dreamers' Tournament.

We Shall Have to Stop This Soon, Despite Repeated Requests to the Contrary.

WITNESSED A MURDER IN SLEEP.

And Afterwards Discovered Tracks of What Might Be a Crime.

I have been employed for many years in a business devoted to the sale of horses and carriages. One night I dreamed that I stood rooted to the spot, unseen, on a lonely country road, while witnessing a cruel murder by the light of pale moonbeams. I saw quite plainly two ruffians attack a man in a buggy. One held the horse, which was gray in color, and the other rained blow after blow on the victim's head. The occupant of the buggy lay backward, motionless, with head overhanging the hind wheel on the right side, and the blood from his wounds fell upon the wheel and on the head lining of the carriage top. On the second night after I had dreamed this I had occasion to work very late over my books, and, obeying a tired impulse to close my eyes for a moment, I fell asleep immediately, and remained so for just five minutes, but in that time I thought I had walked out on the warehouse floor, with its many rows of carriages, and passing down one aisle I approached a business man, who, I thought, I instantly recognized as the one of my dream, and seated or rather lying in it, with his head dripping blood over the high rim wheel, was the murdered man. I was terror-stricken and awoke, hurriedly placing my books away I left the building.

In looking at the carriages the next day I was not altogether surprised to find the identical wagon of my two dreams, with its broken top and blood-stained lining and wheel. The horse that came with it proved to be a gray. On consulting the register I saw that the orders to sell changed over from one who delivered the rig, and whose address was given in a neighboring town. The horse, harness and buggy were sold and retained money awaiting the shipment. He never came and no one knew him at the address he gave. If a crime had been committed conscience or fear of discovery had kept him away. I have tried to keep track of the man, but he has changed owners many times since then. No inquiries were ever made for a missing horse and wagon, nor did I hear of any mysterious murder that would appear to have been done under the circumstances of my dream.

Three Peculiar Dreams.

Spending a winter away from home the family letters to me were full of a young gentleman who was visiting my brother, and who was a genius of the first water in every station of life apparently. Never having seen him I grew very weary of hearing of "Bob Gates," and when I returned home he was all dug into my ears, though the only description of his looks I had was that he had "pink hair" and wasn't pretty. I occupied the room he had when he was there, and one night I dreamed that sitting in the room some one walked in without knocking. I looked up and saw a young man whom I recognized as Bob Gates, though as far as any one knew he was many hundred miles away. He had in half an hour's notice started off on business, not having time to send you any word, but I had dreamed a sufficiently good likeness to recognize him, though he was entirely out of my thoughts.

Some months afterwards I was sitting one summer morning in the library in the back building at the time when I had a right to come in from the front hall. The front door was open, and hearing some one come in I went to the head of the steps and looked over to see if it was any one who had a right to come in. I looked over the balustrade and recognized Bob Gates, though as far as any one knew he was many hundred miles away. He had in half an hour's notice started off on business, not having time to send you any word, but I had dreamed a sufficiently good likeness to recognize him, though he was entirely out of my thoughts.

One Saturday morning I saw in the paper that a new comet was visible far down on the horizon about 3:30 o'clock. That night I dreamed, not having time to send you any word, but I had dreamed a sufficiently good likeness to recognize him, though he was entirely out of my thoughts.

The dream was so vivid that I could not come back from the consciousness of it for some time. When I did finally come to a realization of myself I remembered the comet, but said to myself: "It is no use to look for it now, for it is only 2:30." Then I remembered I had only dreamed that it was 2:30, and finally got up and struck a match and looked at my watch. It was 4:45. I was rather startled at the coincidence, but not finding the comet visible from my roof I went to bed and to sleep again.

The next morning, not having on my watch, I turned and looked at the clock, which was directly behind me. It had stopped at 2:30 in the night.

I dreamed I was packing and said to a friend: "I've had to put my Bible in a trunk. I couldn't get it in my trunk." Presently I said to this same friend: "It is too bad, have nothing to read on the journey." He looked at me and said: "You were standing near, and they both began to laugh. I had no faintest idea what they were laughing at, and said rather crossly: "I don't think it is very polite to laugh at me, and I don't tell me what you are laughing about."

My friend said, still laughing: "We were amused because you said you had nothing to read, when you had your Bible in your travelling bag."

Now I saw all three of those people, all went on in my mind, yet I had not the faintest idea what they were laughing at till they told me.

400 West Fifty-seventh street, N. Y.

A Ghastly Dream.

The following dream I had a short time ago. I saw a large square surrounded by houses, in the centre of which was a scaffold. On it was a priest, a headman, myself and three ladies. One of the ladies separated herself from her companions and knelt down with her head upon the block. The headman, who was one of the ladies' lovers, stepped forward. The second lady was likewise beheaded, but on the third one presenting herself, I thought my head would burst. I then set my teeth, clutched the rails and tried to close my eyes, but could not. The lady, after divesting herself of her bonnet, laid her head down on the block. She saw, however, her two companions' heads in the basket, and motioned to the headman as if to say: "If my head drops there, it will roll off the scaffold." The headman arranged the two heads so that her head might fall down and awake, rather than in perspiration, and could scarcely resist a hideous nightmare.

W. F. H. JONES CITY.

COQUELIN AND HADING.

To those aspiring young playwrights who try so desperately hard to be immoral that they almost succeed in becoming amusing, I would recommend a careful study of "Denise," a four-act comedy by the younger Dumas, produced at Palmer's Theatre last night. It is pleasantly morbid, insidiously hectic and marvellously unconventional. Mr. Ramsey Morris must study "Denise." He will then learn how to be cynical without revealing the effort it costs, and he will see how easy it is to be naughty and at the same time fascinatingly nice. Many may say that the lesson will not be worth learning. He will not think so, bless your hearts! nor will that band of imitative dramatists who place their scenes at Monte Carlo.

The play is flagrantly naughty. M. Dumas shows us Denise in a dependent position, loved by the young, wealthy but questionably interesting Count de Bardannes. He proposes in due season. Of course the audience knows that she loves him. Before she gave him his answer I felt it was a case of "I love you, but I can never be yours," and it was. She could not marry him. "I belong," she says, "to those whom men love but don't marry." Sweet little speech, isn't it?

Well, he tells her that his sister is about to marry Fernand de Thauzette. His mind has been filled with suspicious about Denise and Fernand de Thauzette, but at present they are lulled into quiescence. No sooner has he informed her of the contemplated marriage, however, than she faces him and tells him that she, herself, was the mistress of Fernand de Thauzette. This she does, of course, to save the sister, and every one will see the rather impossible heroism of the act.

The Count is overwhelmed. He is a very French young man, and when he is overwhelmed he generally cries in a nice white handkerchief, the corner of which lurks in an adjacent pocket. She goes on to tell him that she had a child by Fernand; that she and her mother took it to the country and intrusted it to a nurse, that they used to visit it, and that finally it died. She becomes extremely pathetic as she tells of its death and funeral. Then she looks at him suddenly.

"Ah!" he exclaims, in a piteous, soul-harrowing manner, "you are crying." She rushes into his arms and nestles there.

Now, I have said that "Denise" is a planned play, but the incident I have just mentioned is a simple instance. Just think of a man deluged in sympathetic tears because his sweetheart tells him poetically of the death of her child of which somebody else is the father! Imagine this good young man weeping in lovely compassion! Permit me to exclaim "Bosh!"

"Denise," however, ends artistically. It has been arranged that the girl shall marry Fernand; it has also been planned that she shall go into a convent. She, however, does neither. As she is about to depart for the convent, she the Count, who is standing in the room, utters a sound of suppressed love. She turns and sees "something" in his face. Then she utters a sound, though her love isn't so suppressed. They run into one another's arms, and the curtain falls. Dumas was determined that she should wed happily, but he did it as artistically as he could. Mr. Morris, with a similar heroic, reveling in wedding bed and all the rest of it. That was unnecessary, inartistic and offensive to many.

Mme. Hading could have given no stronger impression of the title role. Her work, indeed, almost defied criticism. Perhaps, in the scene with the Count, she rammed just a trifle too much, but if that were a fault, it was readily forgiven. The expression of quiet determination on Mme. Hading's face when to quote a young man whom I overheard—she "saved herself away," was admirably shown. Even the refusal of marriage, which, after a confession of love, it is difficult to render anything but ridiculous. Mme. Hading clearly justified. There was no strain for effect; only the most consummate naturalness. The "business" at the piano in the first act was, perhaps, the best instance of Mme. Hading's appreciation of stage detail.

Such a part as Denise would never be popular with "stars" in this country, because it needs no dressing. Mme. Hading were two meek little robes, that it would be impossible for the most ardent box-office gusher to dwell upon with proper phrases. Coquelin played the small part of Thovenin, a worthy man, who is always giving excellent advice, which, to judge by his manner, he himself would never follow. Thovenin is exceedingly cynical, and says a great many clever things. Coquelin treated the role in his own artistic way. Thovenin had all the "cute" little Parisian gestures and winks that could possibly have been desired. M. Duquesne played Brissot, and Mme. Patry, Mme. Brissot, the parents of Denise. M. Abel was the Count de Bardannes, and Mme. Gilbert was the adventurous woman, Mme. de Thauzette.

As I stepped from Palmer's I saw a pretty young maiden in the lobby waiting with papa and mamma for the carriage. The parents were discussing the merits of the play, and I imagine that they were criticising it rather severely. Then they turned to the girl, and I knew they were asking her what she had to say about it. I approached. I felt I must know.

I thought it was awfully amusing," she said.

That settled it.

ALAN DALE.

OUR AUTOGRAPH COLLECTION.

Nathan Clifford

Are These Your Children?

Strong, vigorous and healthy children are what we all want, and how to keep our little ones in good health is a question of the greatest interest to all. Children are peculiarly liable to nervous disorders; they become nervous, restless, fretful, cross, and irritable; their night's sleep is not calm and restful, but they toss restlessly from side to side, murmur or talk in their sleep, and wake and start up in the morning. They have an irregular appetite, grow thin and pale, look slight and puny, and their growth and development become stunted.

If your children are sick, do not use stimulating medicine, give them that greatest of all children's remedies, Dr. Greene's Nervine, the great nerve invigorator and health restorer. This wonderful remedy is, above all, a family medicine, and its name is a household word in thousands of homes all over the land. It is made from pure and harmless vegetable remedies, is cooling, soothing, and healing to the nerves, and at the same time strengthens and invigorates the entire system, restoring a beautiful color to the cheek, refreshing sleep, strong nerves, stout limbs, and that bounding health and vitality which all children should have. It is perfectly safe to give to children of any age, and its curative and restorative effects are wonderful. Use it, parents, if your children are sick, and see them improve in health and strength every day and every hour. All druggists keep it at \$1 per bottle. You can also consult Dr. Greene, the specialist in the cure of nervous and chronic diseases, about your children's free of charge, personally or by letter, if you desire. His office is 35 West 14th st., New York.

Dr. Greene's Nervine

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Dr. Greene's Nervine

Dr. Greene's Nervine

Dr. Greene's Nervine

ANDREWS ON THE STAND

He Testifies Before the Appropriations Committee To-Day.

Something More About That Ceiling Robbery.